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#### The N. Y. Saturday Press, A JOURNAL OF THE TIMES.

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HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

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#### Original Poetry.

ALL FOR LAWN.

I have a dear little wife, Who is all for lawn, For lawn : Nor satins nor silks will she wear, And velvets she says she can't bear, But it's sad to see one so fair, All for lawn, For lawn.

" If I'm pretty, love," says she, Why, then, adorn, Why adorn? Why adorn'
Ah! if others only knew,
Of beauty the secret, like you,
How soon, my dear, would they too,
He for lawn,
For lawn!

"Let the ugly wear satins and silks.
Night and morn.
Night and morn,
For they'll then have something to s
But as for myself, I know Just what I'm about when I go All for lawn,

And my charming little wife, Yestermorn,
Yestermorn,
Tapped me gently on the chin,
And asked if I thought her green,
That she from the first has been,
All for lawn, For lawn.

l answered her with a klas, But I'll be sworn,

Be sworn, (For it leaked through her glistening eyes,) (For it leaked inroduced that it's because my means suffice For naught else, that she gaily cries, I'm for lawn, For lawn.

NOBODY'S SONG.

I'm thinking just now of Nobody, And all that Nobody's done, For I've a passion for Nobody, That Nobody else would own; I hear the name of Nobody, For from Nobody, sprung; And I sing the praise of Nobod As Nobody, mine has sung.

II.
In life's young morning Nobody
To me was tender and dear;
And my cradle was rocked by Nobody.
And Nobody was ever near;
I was petted and praised by Nobody.
And Nobody brought me up; And Nobody brought me up; And when I was hungry, Nobody (lave me to dine or to sup.

I went to school to Nobody, I went to school to Nobody, And Nobody taught me to read; I played in the street with Nobody, And to Nobody ever gave heed; I recounted my tale to Nobody, For Nobody was willing to hear; And my heart it clung to Nobody, And Nobody shed a tear.

And when I grew older, Nobody
-Gave me a helping turn;
And by the good ald of Nobody
I began my living to earn;
And hence I couried Nobody,
And said Nobody's I'd be,
and said to means Nobody And Nobody married me

For Nobody's handsome grown.

Whiskers being at the Opers one evening with a lady, he leaned toward her with the extremest gravity and said, "Interpret the libretto for me, my dear, less I dilate with the wrong emotion.'

der way, observes: "When we see Aurora Leigh in

see what Christian countries are now doing, and how they are governed, and what is the general condition of society, without seeing that Christianity is the flag

#### THE BORE.

Written for the New York SATURDAY PRESS. BY GETTY GAY.

Oh, he's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife,
Worse than a smoky house; I had rather live
With cheese and garic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me
In any Summer-house in Christendom.

—King Heavy IV., Act III., Scene I.

He is the

appiness.

The Bore causes the most unhappiness

Argol,—the Bore is the greatest sinner.

Boring is the greatest sin. Commit any other. Who
teals my purse, steals trash; who steals my good name, od may it do him; but he who steals my time robs me of that which no police, law, money, nor powe can restore to me, for it is lost, like the Dutchman than murder, for we are told that the latter often open to the victim the gates of Paradise, and introduces him to eternal beatitude, but the destruction of time is total and irremediable. If you feel revengeful, and long to wreak your malice on an enemy, do not plunder him, for he will talk of his losses till he has paid himself for them with interest, simple and compound; do not slander him, for not only may the slander not stick, but its disproval may afterward shield him from con ation for actual faults, by placing all accusation do not murder him, for not only may you consequently elevate him to heaven, but yourself to the gallows. No, do nothing of the kind, but bore him, sir, bore him to

whatever, judging from the seal with which so many persevere in it, but unspeakable satisfaction. It is said that a friend cleaveth to one closer than a brother; but a Bore sticks faster than either. The last embrace of foce is nothing in comparison to it. He can only be

choked off, and death is sometimes the only power acte to release one from the persecution.

The Bore enjoys a happy immunity. A liar may be challenged, posted, kicked, exposed, prosecuted, shot; and a thief, a chest, a ruffian, may be served in the same way; but the Bore is unassailable, invulnerable Dulness, in the weakest and worst, is sacred, and form an adamatine panoply. The Bore is a privileged character, and does with impunity what would hang you or me. His temerity is consequently prodigious. For hours, days, weeks, years, lives, he plagues and tortures men able and willing to kick him into limbo, but who do not, they hardly know why—withheld, perhaps, the perhaps of characteristics.

y the awfulness of stupidity.

The art of boring is simple. Idiots may excel in it. It may be explained in a few words, for it does not consist so much in saying and doing things intrinsically stupid, as in saying and doing things at the wrong time and in the wrong place. A grace may be proper enough; but a long-winded one, when the guesta are must be greated by the second of the plane is delightful, but an elaborate performance on the plane is delightful, but an elaborate performance on the plane with infinite variations, is, when the polite listener and so always is an ornate operatic air, sung in Italian by a thin-strained voice, to people who do not under-stand a word of it.

" Muffing" is one of the most efficacious means and methods of boring. To make myself clear, say, for in-stance, that a sprightly young fellow or a lively girl, in the full exuberance of health and spirits, is enjoying himself or herself excessively; all the "Muff" has to do is, under some friendly, considerate, or plausible

What boring advantages some people enjoy! Think only think of, and gloat over them, for a few seconds! only think of, and gloat over them, for a few seconds!

Of fathers, for instance, disappointed in business during the day, who, finding a pack of rollicking youngsters at home, can vent their accumulated acerbity, and relieve themseves so holly by checking the player' sports, and reading them dismal homilies as long as your leg,—no, that's not the simile, your arm, I mean.

Would you not like to commit sins six days in the week, and on Sunday revel in the special prerogative of railing from the pulpit at the very crimes of which you are guilty, and at sinners no worse than yourself? By lashing others you might atone for yourself, and, if on, why should you not lay on unmercifully? Dwell on the thought of being allowed to bore hundreds at your own case, and of being paid for it, and praised in proportion to the unsparing completeness of your inflictions! Surely, dulness is holy, and her prophets likewise, or how could these things be? Tender mothers, aunts, and elder sisters, are generally lenient at heart, but I know too many who would deem it a dereliction. wise, or now could these things be? Tender mothers, aunts, and elder sisters, are generally lenient at heart, but I know too many who would deem it a dereliction tion of juvenile gladness on the part of the children in their charge, and thus embitter the sweetness of their fresh lives with the dregs of sad experience or gloomy conventionality. Thousands have by these means been driven prematurely from the asylum of home into the driven prematurely from the asylum of home into the world and its worst excesses, and have there perished, because the young soul has an appetite for light and joy which will be, must be fed, even though it be with the glimmer of the Jack-o'-lantern, the glittering tinsel and poisonous trash that betray and ruin it. Let it take its full of healthy sunlight and gladness, and fear not, for it is society, not nature, that makes man Professor, in the Allossic for September, per-asks: "Can any man look around him and Christian countries are now doing, and how dressed in brief authority, were our Heavenly Father

like is ditto. Think of a discourse on theology in a quadrille; pathology at the breakfast table; have over a game of cards; or anatomy in a pleasure-heat! Charming subjects for such occasions would they be but I have known them to be dragged in still more out of place. I once dined with a doctor who crally analyzed the food as I ate it, resolving it all into pelsons and gases, till I thought I must either explode or turn into green corruption before he had ceased his discourse. His favorite subject had rendered his complex; of no a greenish yellow; but what it had done to the internal man is too dreadful even to surmise, for his breast was like a doctor's shop, and his sphere like that of the grave. Worse than he, is an aged relative of mine, who is never so happy, as when, for my soul's salvation, he is string me with the farmes and deaftering me with the excession of a region unneutionable to ears polite; and, to make the issuen the more stelling, the always enforces it at the moment I have the presumption to enjoy myself. I did not mind a little tailor, with whom I danced once upon a time (que) honneur ly, who, though he talked of little but the cut in the men to make a good tailor, and that no cee could cet a datum less he was cut out for it by such an artist—the tailor was perhaps only the ninth part of a bore; but most tradesmen, whose souls, like the tanner's hide, little was represented contracted in hide, and the thought it includes the contracted in the left of the contracted of the contr men to make a good salor, and this by such an artist.

The tailor was perhaps only the ninth part of a bore;
but most tradesmen, whose souls, like the tanner's hide, but most tradesmen, whose souls, like the tanner's hide, are impregnated with their business, are full grown bores, and much to be dreaded. If the shoemaker ought to stick to his last, let him do so by all means, the closer the better, but if he will come into society; 

" A brain of feathers and a heart of lead." "A brain of feathers and a heart of lead."

But of the entire genus, the species called the crotchety bore, is the most remarkable and various. They
are such as ride hobbles to death, and are seldom estis,
fled unless they can ride them over you. A relation of
mine is afflicted with the water-cure, and, though he
has killed off several of his children and reduced himall, and wife to children by this

jolly good fellow, and descree my benediction.

A genius in every department of art and industry is sure to arke, master it, and carry it to the utancet degree of perfection. What Paganini was smong fidlers, Shakspeare among dramatists, Columbus among discoverers, Napoleon among generals, or Washington among patriots, was and is Daniel D—it among Bores. Dan is king among them, and much as other individsurpasses them all in all.

"Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and bi

there is no subject upon which, no place in which, a persons with whom, he is not an intolerable and income persons with whom, he is not an intolerable and incom-parable love. He is wonderfully compounded, being a perfect admixture of conceit' and contradiction, impu-dence and stupidity, pedantry and ignorance, servility and dogmatism, blindness and obstinacy, brutality, rigmarole, insensibility, officiousness, formality, and other similar virtues and excellences I cannot think of at this moment. Dan's prosing is proper decreasing. to do is, under some friendly, considerate, or plausible pretext, to suggest moderation, propriety, decency, or the likelihood of misrepresentation, before there is really any occasion for it, and thus bring down the jubilant one at once into the dust and ashes, as the fowler the singing-bird from the tree. It is so gratifying to some to see the face, laughing all over a moment ago, cloud up like a murky sky, and change all its sunshine for glum propriety and sour self-defence. Then the mentor, whoever he may be, feels so vastly moral and rightcous! He turns up the whites of his eyes and involuntarily asks God to thank and reward him for the good he has done. The vain food! It is true that in the midst of life we are in death, and he therefore concludes that we ought always to have a death's head thrust under our noses. Yes, verily,—Amen!

What boring advantages some people enjoy! Think just as soon as they begin to weary and disgust the ea

wiles of venue and accompanies.

Yet he thought himself his sister's ablest ally. No enemy could, however, have done them half so much mischief, for he always managed to say or do the thing fatal to their hopes, and his obvious officioumess and intolerable boring disgusted every suitor, and made him as glad to get away from him as is a schoolboy to "Yes," she replied, "I have been a faithful student since I was ten years old." I have copied no massicance from his teacher, or a captive from the dreams old the state. I have stadied nature, and expressed to the best ter.

ness of his dungeon. The three sisters became old maids, and Dan blamed them for it, for he was sure he had done his utmost to get them good husbands. He had two brothers, younger than himself, who were also his special care. How wearily and unremit tingly he persecuted them for their good! Edward, the elder of the two, dreaded him more than long prayers, sickness, or an empty purse, and Charlis, the younger, would rather be kept over-time alone in school than endure his company. Being siricity and dismally moral, without the vitality, impulse, or courage to commit the smallest crime, he was entrenched behind his own impeccability, and prisad by his parents as a pattern to youth and an example to all. He grew supreme at home, where he stuck like a log too heavy to be removed. He bore down upon the life of the house like an incubus, and Ned, to escape his boring, spent his evenings abroad, and unfortunes at left into evil habits and into company the very reverse of his brother's, but equally had. He was enticed by gamblers into unfair play, and lost so much that he was reduced to an extremity which led him to only the subject of the company of horses, bulls, cows, these, dogs—all animals. I often have large receptions where they are they on teste for guestine where they are they on teste for guestine where they are the only guests. I also like the sagony, a in moment of despair he committed spicides. Dan mocalized over his brother's destruction, and at the trim the depth of the numerical his desired of his commandonship. see what Christian countries are now doing, and how they are governed, and what is the general condition of society, without seeing that Christianity is the flag under which the world salls, and not the rudder that steems its course?"

—"It is a curious fact," says some entomologist, "that it is only the female mosquito that torments us."

—A wise naw is a saw all the teeth of which are wisdom teeth.

—Michelet, in his L'Amour, mentions the following novel method of curing the disposition in married couples to become separated:

"In zarich, in the loids time, when a quarrehome couples to become separated:

"In zarich, in the loids time, when a quarrehome couples to become separated:

"In zarich, in the loids time, when a quarrehome couple applied for divorce, the magistrate never listenated them up three days in the same room, with one bed, one table, one plate and tumbler. Their food way to be distributed with its ponderouity, and putting out the spaced into them by a threadants, who saither saw or spoke to them. When they came out, at the end of three days, neither of them wanted to be divorced."

survive his mercantile credit.

Dan, as if he thought it incumbent upon him to make smends for his relatives, grew now more methodically, constantly, and religiously a Bore than ever, and a black cloud of dust is the only thing to which, as a melannee, he could have justly been compared. Charlie, not having a taste for martyrdom, ran away from hema; but firs. D—lt, whom Dan condoled with continually, became so oppressed and despairing under the process, that the would surely have died, had not the less of reason afforded her a dreadful relief, and an asylum from her son in the madhouse. Dan blamed his brothers, dead and living, for this horrible calamity, said thanked his God devoutly that he was not as they.

The three Miss D—Its had now not only to endu has killed off several of his children and reduced himself and wife to akeletons by this panaces, he cannot carry on a conversation of any length without plunging into cold water and drenching his interlocutors thoroughly with it. I believe he would revive the deluge every year, if he had his way. That is his crotchet; what is yours, dear reader? Is it fast horses, politics, sprittualism, slavery, anti-layery, offers, respectability, the french-horn, dogs, singing, fighting, the fire-engine, furniture-auctions, flirting, easting, drinking, sporting, sentiment, poetry, chees, yachting, entomology, or some peculiar religious dogmn? What is it? Well, no matter what, so that you do not insist that others ought to think, act, and feel with respect to it just as you do. If you do thus insist, you are a Bore, albeit otherwise an angel, but if you do, with all your heart, allow others the privileges you covet or assume yourself, then give me your hand; you are a jolly good fellow, and deserve my benediction.

A genius in every department of art and industry is the state of the property of the party of the sum of the party of water than they succeeded in converting, or perverting, them to his own parameters of the provileges you covet or assume yourself, then give me your hand; you are a jolly good fellow, and deserve my benediction.

A genius in every department of art and industry is the provilege to the provilege to

tive and join the followers of Brigham Young in Utah.
Of course they have each been scaled to some saint long see this, some say all to the same individual, the missions; who entrapped them, but this it is to be hoped to grow exagneration.

In this matter Dan blamed himself a little for what he could hardly help, attributing the success of his sisters seducer to his compulsory absence from home during the greater part of the day. He deems it a remarkable and melancholy fact that he alone of a large and respectable family should turn out well and has markable and melancholy fact that he alone of a large and respectable family should turn out well, and has consequently been immovesably confirmed in his musty opinions, formal habits, and snobbish practices. He

I could write a volume on Bores, but suspect I have bored you with them enough already. Without them this world would by a paradise, and were it as clear of them as they say Ireland is of snakes, I might consent, if endowed with perpetual youth, to live in it forever.

## A MORNING WITH ROSA BONHEUR.

Pans, August 10, 1859.

intolerable boring disgusces very many from him as is a schoolboy to bim as glad to get away from him as is a schoolboy to escape from his teacher, or a captive from the dreariness of his dungson. The three sisters became old maids, and Dan blamed them for it, for he was sure he had done his utmost to get them good husbands.

He had two brothers, younger than himself, who were also his special care. How wearlly and unremittingly he persecuted them for their good! Edward, the elder of the two, dreaded him more than long prayers, sickness, or an empty purse, and Charlie, the younger, would rather be kept over-time alone in school than endure his company. Being strictly and "You have not married," we said.

"You have not married," we said.

"Have I not said that I married Art? What could

with the busts of horses, cows, sheep, dogs, cats, wolves, &c., in bronze and plaster, modelled by Rosa's the preserved skins of cows, bulls, stags with their great uplifted horns, and bears, goats, sheep, dogs, and wolves with their fierce eyes glaring upon us. The impression these wild pieces of carpeting made on us, on entering the atolier, was almost slartling. It

After a short flirtation with the parrot, which spoke tolerable French, we took our leave, promising to meet Rosa at the School of Design for Women on the next Friday, where she goes once per week to give a lesson. This school was founded by Rosa's father. At his death she became its sole mistress, but now entrusts it mostly to the care of her sister and brother. There are about fifty regular pupils who receive instruction

dustry. If she wished to make a small fortune in a few days it would be easy for her to do it in England, by opening there an exhibition of her pictures and sketches. "Moreh are Cheimer," (The Horse Fair), which was exhibited at Williams & Steven's a year or York press, was bought by Mr. Gamber, an English editor, for forty thousand francs. When Rosa visited England she was received like a princess.

America also paid, the last year, ten thousand dol-A rich Hollander, visiting her atolier recently, offered

her a thousand crowns for a small sketch that she could have painted in two hours. "It is impossible to com ply with your request," she said, "I am not inspi Mademoiselle Bonheur is below the medium h of woman; in appearance, about thirty-five years paids, with quick, piercing blue eyes, and brown hair worn short and parted on the side, like a boy's. Her dress was a brown alpaca skirt asse crinoline, with a blouse jacket of black cloth. She looked very boyish

she spends much time. When in the city she wear the costume of her sex; but never ventures outside the arrier except in her masculine gear.

There are many anecdotes in circulation about the opinions, formal nature, and retrested with all properties in the desired properties of the success to the agony of being bored to death?

I have lately learned that little Charlie D—It is prospering in the West, having already accumulated quite a little fortune. Dan ascribes his success to the quite a little fortune. Dan ascribes his success to the bed, with his arm round the neck of the sick girl, thought he was an intruder, and retrested with all possible speed. "Oh! run after him! He thinks you possible speed. "Oh! run after him! He thinks you possible speed. "Oh! run after him! He thinks you possible speed. "Oh! run after him! He thinks you possible speed. "Oh! run after him! He thinks you possible speed. "Oh! run after him! He thinks you possible speed. "Oh! run after him! He thinks you possible speed." possible speed. "Oh! run after him! He thinks you are my lover, and has gone and left me to die!" cried the sick girl. Rosa flew down the stairs, and soon returned with the modest doctor, who said he did no

her for the theatre. She had an important picture in hand, and continued at the easel till the carriage was announced. "Yea," said Rosa, "je suit prête;" and away she went to the theatre comme la. A fine gentleman in the next box to hers looked at her with surprise, turned up his nose, affected great disgust, and went into the vestibule to seek the manager.

found him, he went off in a rage:
"Who is this woman in the box next to mine, in an old calico dress, covered with paint and oil? The odor is terrible. Turn her ont! If you do not, I will never people to admit such a looking creature into the dress-circle."

The manager went to the box, and in a moment discovered who the offensive person was. Returning to the fine white-gloved gentleman, he informed him that the lady was no less than Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur

thought it? Make my apology to her. I dare not en-ter, her presence again."—Home Journal.

A sparrow caught upon a tree
The plumpest fly; all, all unbeeded,
Were struggles, cries, and agony,
As for his life the victim pleaded;
"Nay," quoth the sparrow, "you must
For you are not so strong as 1."

A hawk surprised him at his meal, And in a trice poor sparrow spitted; In vain he gaped his last appeal, What crime, Sir Hawk, have I committed? "Peace!" quath the eaptor, "you must die, For you are not so strong as I."

A ballet whistled at the word,
And struck him ere his feast was ended;
"Ah, tyrant!" shrish'd the dying bird,
"To murder him who ne'er offended;"
"Oh!" quoth the sportsman, "you must die
Por you are not so strong as I."

tural development, in brick and mortar, of the Ten Commandments, and a blessed and soul-refreshing type and shadow of the millennium. Virtuous innocence walks its streets any time of day or night, lighted, like Thomas Moore's young woman, by her own smile, from Copps Hill to Roxbury Neck.

— A special election for a town office was held at Parls, Ky, on Saturday. The question at issue was, billiards or no billiards. After an exciting contest, the soes carried by sixteen majority.

"What papers off my writing deak are you burn ing there?" cried William, the other day, to his servan

#### POOR PUNCH!

That the reader may judge of the melancholy condi-tion of Punch, just at this time, we subjoin from its last issue (August 27th) all the small paragraphs in which there is the least attempt at wit. Les roisi:

According to a letter from Berlin, dated August 15: "To-day being the fêu of the Emperor, Napoleon the Third, the Members of the French Embasy were present at divine service in St. Hedwig's Church."

Who was Saint Hedwig? An English saint, no who was saint fleawag? An Eaglian saint, no doubt, who migrated to Prussia, where his proper name came, in the course of time, to be spelt rather improperly. Headwig, no doubt, was its genuine origi-nal orthography. This honest English Saint probably derived his name from the good old sensible wig that of the room stood a large caken case filled with stuffed other saints so called, with his head shaved, and a sort of appearance like Saturn's ring around it instead of a

#### A Joke for a Judge.

On the Western Circuit, the other day, occurred a case of which the sole interest consisted in its denomition, viz: "HARRIS F. WILDOOSK and Another." this it is impossible to help remarking that it was well for Harris the plaintiff that in the action which he brought against Wildgoose, there was, besides that defendant, Another; for if there had not been any other defendant than Wildgoose, then the suit of Har ris would have been a Wildgoose chase.

Amongst many other eccentricities, Baron Bramwell amused himself and his audience the other day, at Bristol, by saying, "Persons will hardly regard the rubbish they read in newspapers." Might we inquire whether the observations, so copiously and sledge-hammeringly indulged in of late by the learned Baron, are to be included amongst "the rubbish" that persons "hardly regard," when they read a newspaper?

At last the Phenix is found. Sir Boyle Roche said that a man could not be in two places at once unless he was a bird. Sir B. R. was a Nass. The man who

We read in the Times of August 18th, that one Murray, a pickpocket, was charged with picking the pocket

"Mr. George Stacey, a gentleman living at Richmond while he was walking in the Commercial Road."

The feat is accomplished. Mr. Stacey is the eighth wonder of the world, whoever may be the ninth.

Judex Damnatur4

"Grace!" cried my Lord, with furious face, "What nonsense! What the deuce has grace at nonsense! What the det To do with things below?" If Damwell, like a judge of yore, Would go to Church a little more, It's possible he'd know.

A PEW-OPENER.

The Turin Correspondent of the Post informs us that "A system of skeleton regiments is now being formed Piedmont and Lombardy."

The materials for the formation of skeleton regiments are perhaps nowhere more plentiful just now than in the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, where they have recently been deposited a little below the surface of the soil in very considerable quantities. But will

## Guy's Geography.

Gentleman. Can you direct me, if you please, to Kew

Young Guy. I'm very sorry I cannot; but as you have asked me, I should say that, looking at the color of chances, it was highly probable that you would find Kew Green was the one that immediately followed Pen

> The father eye with genius bright'ning Read Shakespeare as by flash of lightning The son, who lets all meaning allp, Reads Shakespeare as by farthing dip.

One who generally has no business in this world beyond making it his business to neglect his own business, in order to attend to the business of others.

> Rightem Titum. Still Thames odor ill Thames odors comes to smite us, Can't that Board of Works control it? Happy we, if Tite were Titus, And could truly say, Non old.

To stop at home by the fireside whilst man goes out collect materials to make the pot boil. Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge from Baron Bram-

well the receipt of the First Half of a Conundrum, marked "Original," which he will be happy to print upon the receipt of the other Half.

A Trifle for Trinity College, Dublin. Why is the world like some Irish gentlemen Because it has no "ostensible means of support."

The Coinage of Society Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally utters it.

The lawyer's claim when the action is over.

Why'is a promise like wine? Because it improves by being kept.

"Hope," says Coleridge, " is a Duty." We mention
this for the information of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, so that he may be down upon Hope, and make
it pay the duty at once. We wonder if the Hope Duty

Now, if a more stupid lot of jokes than the above can be found in any journal in the world to my is, that we shouldn't like to read th

The Ledger and the Poince Gassette.

The leaders and stewards of the Methodist Episcopal
church at Lambertsville, N.-J., have "resolved that."

the circulation and reading of the New York Ladger
and Poher Gasset is a violation of the spirit and intent of that portion of the general rules of that:
"church—first, the injunction to do no harm; second,
"doing what we know is not for the glory of God;"
third, the reading of those books which do not
"tend to the knowledge and love of God."

# Special Hotices.

GURNEY'S GALLERY, No. 707 BROADWAY, First block below the New York Hotel. Photogrammerstypes, Miniatures in Oil, and Ivorytypes.

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to 1 o'clock, and 2 1-2 to 5 1-2 P. M. N. B. — A series of classical Subscription Concerts (free to pupils) will be given during the season. The private Con-certs of the pupils will also be continued.

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## The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 17, 1859.

THE DIVINE AND THE HUMAN The Recorder has fallen under the solemn disples

of the Congregationalist.

The Congregationalist and the Recorder are newspape and are published in the same town.

The occasion of the Congregationalus's solemn dis-pleasure is an article in the Recorder pronouncing THE SATURDAY PRESS to be one of the best journals in the

tionalist don't see it.

obody perhaps but the Oldest Man does

Moreover the editor of *The Congregationalist* is a Divine, not the editor of *This Naturabay Passe* is only a Human. Hence there can be no unity between us, and, for that matter, no controversy.

Nothing appals us like one of these Divines.

The mortal who has assumed that awful name has placed himself above the reach of our finite grasp. We should as soon think of quarrelling with the

We leave the Divine of the Congregationalist, fore, in the hands of his brother Divines of the Re And doubtless they will have a divine time of it.

Meantime THE SATURDAY PRESS will continue to be ord being, "Humanity first and everything else ofterward."

As near as we can make out, the Divine of the Con-

Hence the Divine of the Congregationalist is down upon it. It is down on everything Human, without, so far as we can see, being particularly up on anything

But on this latter point we may be wro ing with, we may be wrong altogether.
So we will let the matter drop here, and content ou

selves with watching the august and reverend combat

A LETTER FROM 'THE MOUNTAIN.'

udian Name-poeus.—Jacques Cartier.—Real Poetry of American Entory.—The Voyageurs and Lafe in the Woods.—Faconations of the Forest.—A Piece of Etymolo-gy.—Wantel, a Post.—Premitive Picture of the Red Man. —Sauteshe of Geology.—Eyes and No-eyes.—Thomson's Sautess.—Growth of the Southment of Nature in Modern Poetry.—Wordsnorth, Carlyle, and Walt. Whitman.— Star-faucies.—Sperituality of Nature.

Goëthe has well said that Nature is of inexhaus I had a fresh perception of it this morning shed with early steps the dew away and met the sun upon the top of Hochelaga's Mount. 'Ho-chelaga'—one of those names, in themselves poems, with which the Red Man gifted the hills and lakes and rivers of this Western world, but which is known

and rivers of this Western world, but which is known in our prosier nomenclature as Montreal.

To the top of this very knoll, Jacques Cartier, just three hundred and twenty-four years ago (1635), ascended, and as the superlative landscape that here unrolls itself—a radial sweep of thirty miles: Southward, the river of rivers, the St. Lawrence, with its tidal rush of two miles; Northward, the visits expanding to the Ottawa, bilick with vegetable deposits from the valley North and West eight hundred miles. But

forest—the maples, hemlocks and larches dyed with Autumnal alchemy, whose spell in a few days bathes the foliage of the Canadian hard-woods with optical opulances of crimson and yellow and opal and purple and ineffable glories. A knot of wondering savages stood by the stranger, little dreaming of Tubular Bridges and Grand Trunk Railways!

The real poetry of early American History has never been written. The real poetry of American History is the meeting of Man and the Wilde—the Wilde old as Geology; Man confronting it with his creative energy.

Geology; Man confronting it with his creative energy.

In the early annals of New France (a name, common In the early annals of Nor France (a name, common to all this upper side of the continent)—especially in the three volumes of the Relations des Jensie, the Iliad and Odyssey of Canadian History—constant mention is made of the escape of Norman settlers to Indian life. Indeed, during the seventeenth century, this was the chief difficulty France found, and strictest legislation became necessary to keep the colony from utter disso-lution, such were the fascinations of life in the woods. They would away and become coursurs due bois—wood-roamers and trappers! What a curious consummation: that French character—civilized with the drill of a thousand years, fenced all round with statutes and thousand years, fenced all round with statutes and ceremonics. Church and State—drifting off to the wildest savagery. [Literally 'savagery,' for I have it from the author of "Rambles Among Words," my compagnon de voyage these Summer months, that 'savage,' old English salvege, is primitively just one who lives in the sylea or woods.] Did the old-reported spells of the woods creep over them? Did the prime-val sanctities persuade them to come and live with them? No wonder that, enchanted by the fascinations of the forest, their old modes and memories fell. tions of the forest, their old modes and memories fell off them, home was forgotten, and they walked onwards, bondsmen to the incredible beauty and majesty

mute, willing thralls of Nature!

These are the original trappers and voyageurs, who rude yet romantic life Cooper and Irving have essayed to transfer to their pages. Yet I fear they have given us no adequate representation of this unique type of man. Irving is altogether too refined and cultured to be the poet of these savage and luxuriant natures. Deeper into the heart of their life go certain snatches Deeper into the heart of their life go certain snatches of lyrism of wild and wondrous beauty—antique ro-manzas with which the early voyageurs glashdened wild and water. A life full, indeed, of unsung possies! The sentiment of the solemn, silent pine woods—ascending the stream in slow batteaux, debonnair with some snatch of melody—the portages—spearing the finny prey by night, the piney flambeaux reddening the deep—lumber-life, Spring in the woods, the echo of the axe, the bed of hemlock-boughs—the half-breed on his snow-shoes off on the trail of the trappers on his snow-shoes off on the trail of the trappers-down the Ottawa in bark canoe with peltries from the far West; here indeed are hints whence some inform-ing Homeric imagination might weave Odyssean idyls. As it is. I find the truest insight into this wild-wood life in the "Leaves of Grass." True, it is only in glimpses, but with that predigious power of realization that characterizes Walt. Whitman, who translates his said. Objectives with whatever is elemental in humanity swift affinities with whatever is elemental in humanity into word-pictures of more than Carlylean tendernes

How little, too, we know of the Red Man-the friendly and flowing sayage! In those naive narratives of the early missionaries of which I before spoke, he appears in his normal lineaments—native to the soil, perfect in his place and adaptations. The lithe, clastic sayage, pliant and polished his limbs, his breath sweet as infant's breath, wonderful in the beauty of his proud and mournful face - the true child of mother earth, living from her life! But this was before civilisation had crazed him, and sad forebodings crossed his brain that his time had come. What strikes me as most characteristic in the elder races, is their close affinity to Nature—as though the umbilical cord had not yet been cut. Not through us now circulate the cerebral spheres. And so we know not these elder men. Who shall tell of the heart of the lean and hungry Numidian, who pursues the lion under a vertical sun? What mystic voices hears the Tiboo in his swallow-nest, the sunny Kanaka in his cance, the homeless Troglodyte? They are Northwest seemed to live on a good understanding with the birds and beasts, as if forming part and parcel of the surrounding animal creation. We figure awages as a poor, comfortless set; but no doubt there are compensations enough. I guess I should like pretty well to be Troglodyte or Kanaka.

So-I flung out my fancies from my seat on the Mount. And a memorable Original is the Mount itself—one of those trappic Titans that have forced themselves up from lowest underlying lower deeps—in fact, the skeleton of an old Silurian volcano, with its multi-Rel (Eil and a few other isolated mates, of like geol Bel Cil and a few other isolated mates, of like geologic genesia. A rich field for geologist and palmontologist, this St. Lawrence valley—rich especially in Shuris, whose strated secresies these many years' labors of the Geological Survey have not begun to exhaust.

How absolute, after all, is that Goethean maxim, that one sees in nature precisely what he brings to it! Every scientific method is a new avenue and approach to the world. The Geologist is related to the planet by relations that remove his experiences wholly out of the plane of the ordinary observer's. In the background of his thought stretch the flowing periods of palæon-

where lichen, trilobite, reptile, mammal, man, follow as cantos in the imperial epic of creative energy. So, to your sky-confronting Kepler the universe of stars is to your sky-confronting Kepler the universe of stars is a mystic shell to which he applies his ear, and hears the play of harmonic ratios, laws, and rhymes, beyond the dream of Pythagorean prefigurings. And in the line of the illustration of the same thought was that lofty audacity of Paracelsus—which I can never read without a quickening of the pulse—that "they who world understand the course of the heavens above must first of all understand the heaven in man!"

Nature-mother.

I looked, some days ago, into Thomson's "Seasons," and was painfully conscious of the gulf that separates his artificial ardors from Nature's reality. There is something ghastly in his frigid salutations and "Hall," so-and-so's. How different from those skyey

"Prophetic soul .
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come!

But in this regard Thomson only shared the spirit of his age, for there does not seem to have been a single Englishman during the eighteenth century that had any poetic relations with Nature. And perthat had any portic relations with Nature. And perhaps the feature that most eminently characterises our modern poetry is precisely the rich sentiment of Natrus that animates it. First came the mild-eyed Brahmin, Wordsworth, with his philosophic insight—a real "vision and faculty divine," though cold at times. Then burst forth the flery phantasy of Carlyle, with a new apocalypse of Nature. What a rich opulence of sensations run through the Serior—what tender longings, what passionate appealings to the elements, what identification of the universe and man. To Carlyle every atom is perforated with divinity—the universe the living, ever-weaving, visible garment of deity. In the "Leaves of Grass," too, there is a Titanic spouting with Nature, a wild, passionate yearn of Love and Desire.

"I hear you whispering there, O stars of heaven, O Suns, O grass of graves, O perpetual transfers and promotions.

If you do not my anything, how can I say anything?

If was not the garden-island of to-day; it was virgin It flings my likeness; after the rest, and true as any, on the

spiritual world.

Is it not wonderful that our most modern science tends to precisely the same consummation as the eldest intuitions and faiths of humanity—to the assertion of the spirituality of Nature? The ruddy and auroral the spirituality of Nature? The roddy and auroral myths that gild the matin of man's mind, speak the same language as the last results of scientific analysis. Modern chemistry has shown us that nothing is fixed—that all is fluid and floating. Matter is but a see of forms, driven like flocks before a primal unitary Law. Unity of substance, unity of plan, run through the universe. Through nature, spirit, forms, the eternal conspiracy works and weaves. All is bound up in the divine scheme. The divine scheme encloses all—Jean Jacques, my father and master, wrote Laws de la Montagne: so I send you "A Letter from the Mountain." His were very heretical: mine, I bope, you'll find sufficiently harmless. With which benevolent wish I am yours, su rever.

#### MADAME BISHOP AT PALACE GARDEN.

MADAME BISHOP AT PALACE GARDEN.

The name of Anna Bishop seems to me like a faroff strain of music. Perhaps it is that she was the
first artist my childhood's eyes and ears greeted in
this planetary sphere. She seemed to me, then, an
embodied story from the Arabian Nights, like some
Eastern fairy who had charmed all the myriad singing birds of the forest into pouring forth their whole
choral melody through her bright lips, leaving wood
and grove desolate, sorrowful, silent. So she seems to
now accurate a rechanges: it was wisely kind to and grove desotate, sorrowful, silent. So she seems to me now,—seems an enchantress; it was wisely kind to remove the canaries hitherto suspended throughout the hall; had they listened to her flute-song, they had hung their little heads in despair, and been mute for-

ever after.

Mailame Rishop's success, apart from its being a gratification to her friends and admirers, was a consolation to those who grieve for the fickleness of all things: it proves that the public taste is more stable than fashion. She was the queen of ballad-singers ten years ago; she is still their fair sovereign. Her voice is of that pure and tender type, unhappily so rare in these days; her face one of the finest and most public I have ever had the fortune to see.

noble I have ever had the fortune to see.

The innumerable audience demonstrated the sincerest delight in her performance. I thought there was even a loving tone in their enthusiasm; perhaps the sound of her sweet voice awakened for them, as it did for

me, the angel-memory, to throw a hajo around her and lift her out of the puny reach of criticism. Each time she sang she was earnestly recalled, and gallantly compelled to repeat her songs, with that unbroken accord of applause which the most resolute clacquers never succeeded in raising. Her flute-song, in which the flute-ah! vain flute-strove to imitate her voice, and could not, drew forth cries of rapture from all lips. She is now a renewed fame, and as all

In strict justice to a wonderful and illustrious young artist, I mean Arthur Napoleon, I must my that he divided the honors of the evening with the Prima Donna. He played Lisat's Midmane Night's Dress, in a manner to reduce the dillettanti to despair. Although announced to play only twice, the tribunal of the public wish happily doubled that number. As I watched the play of his varying face, following ever the flight of his aerial fingers, whose tide of melody flung the combined efforts of the orchestra away upon the dim shores of insignificance, I could not wonder that he had been the stronghold of public attraction in this temple of art, having for its pure roof the most excellent canopy of the air. He is young, graceful, ardeat, with a certain spirituality of manner which belongs only to those whom the gods have created poets in the highest Olympian sense of that word. Moreover he has a face whose intellectual features and lucent eyes blend well with the pure bay leaves with In strict justice to a wonderful and illustrious your

lucent eyes blend well with the pure bay leaves with which the Muses have crowned him.

Of all branches of musical art, the piano-sphere is the most intelligent and elevated. A great pianist, is very much in danger of being a great man. The young artist of whom I have been speaking is one of those rare natural marvels, a pianist of genius, whose whole performance is colored with that sincere and spontaneous passion which no amount of mere facility can imitate. All the practice in the world will not bring the faintest tinge of it. It is very annoying for the mechanics of music, but it lies in the insvitable nature of things. Thus all lovers of music, all those who of things. Thus all lovers of music, all those who follow ardently its progress towards perfection, will feel a close sympathy and interest for the young vir-

been to a concert since she left New York, and who evidently wore the same articles of teilst, in which they graced her last appearance. There were neat maiden ladies who coughed behind the flagers of their kid gloves, too long for them of course, and kept fanning themselves audibly, with whosey little fans. Then there was the plous family, who look commons and black if you do but speak of the Opera, seated also in the front ranks, and handing shout among themselves little twisted papers, from which issued an odor of mint and wintergreen, the contents of which created a gentle crunching and munching, whose low monotone insisted upon uniting itself to to the efforts of the prima donna, refusing hospitably to take no for an answer.

There is a morality even in sugar-plums. I hav known persons too virtuous to eat chocolate or pistache who cannot be pious without a pocket full of pepper

who cannot be protes ventored in the pay my compil ments of respect to that most excellent gentleman an and admirable artist, Carl Anschuts. He was engage that his name might add to the attraction of the evening, if such a thing was possible. I heard Madan Bishop say she had never known a superior leads The words of the Diva must not be disputed.

Ana Clara.

The enthusiastic reception of this new American Tragedy, at Wallack's, for twenty-one consecutive nights, affords another proof that when a play is intrinsically good, no amount of coldness or indifference on the part of the press, and no amount of opposition on the part of disappointed authors, can interfere in any way with its success.

Jo. Cose defines the exact height of a young lady's

Case of Predestinat

SPIRITUALISM.

imalistic efficoursm was delivered as Louiseau by Judge Edmonda, accompanied at intervals by music. This latter feature attracted me, knowing the exquisite musical taste possessed by the Judge, and in the evening I attended. Unlike at other religious meetings are landly in whisper It coarse me to the vapor and the deak!"

But it is very easy to outran sympathy on Missipic, and our modern conversation and literature we fall of the cond of Nature. Of course, this does not discredit the reality, no more than shadow discredits the substance. And ever as we escape from our cities into the open horizon and heaven, what is best in us is instinctively stirred to loving communion with her visible forms. The spectacle of the star-strewn nighticles is like nothing under it, and age after age these shining fables have been made the recipients of the unutterable longings of the race. What tenderest metaphysics are flung up to them! On the other hand, who can estimate how much man's thoughts have been those are inventors, improvers on inventors, and practical inen who carry these inventions. who can estimate how much man's thoughts have been colored by these golden kindred? The stars are the prophecy of immortality and the revelation of the spiritual world.

The stars are the inventions, improvers on inventions, and practical men who carry these inventions to me, in advance of society at large. There are prophecy of immortality and the revelation of the spiritual world. psensy of noopen sart and patent correct manuscreens, swing machine dealers, originators of queer modes of commercial business that no one else ever thought of and that are dropped after few month's practice, proprietors of manipulating hospitals, watercure establishments, vegetarian boarding-houses, ho-

> A few stray every-day faces might be seen on this occasion, but the above type largely prevailed.
>
> Among the women were a few "medium" faces, a few medical faces, and many indicating nothing in particular. The dear creatures are apt to be general, and concentrated on nothing especially. They like men that are general. Let a man's thoughts cover superficially a wide range of subjects, his wife thinks him the greatest individual living, poor and practically uselem as he may be; but once let his mind become absorbed upon a single topic, to the exclusion of others, absorbed upon a single topic, to the exclusion of others she loses interest in him. Application in that one direction may bring him fortune, reputation, and her

> love for your wives, neglect not its manifestations.
> They are the food and drink of her soul; they cost
> little of your value! time, and preserve your hearths
> inviolate. Wives, be jealous only where your husband Riches for you—your exaltation—are often the fond goal of his efforts. Overlook, then, his apparent for-gettin a, and remember, that his love, like the placid goal of his efforts. Overlook, then, his apparent nor-gettin,s, and remember, that his love, like the placid true steel, contains the elements of endless fire. Go all of you, and see the "House and Home," at Laura Keene's. Listen to her fine artists on their jewelled stage, and read a lesson in letters of gold on whitest

matin.

The Judge took his seat. Courtly gentleman as he is, he blends with these plain good people like a statue of high art among rough hewn images; but, like him, they are of marble, though less happy in their sculptors. Want of finish is often found among reformers; unleasity, rarely, or never. They leave that attribute tors. Want of finish is often found among reformers: vulgarity, rarely, or never. They leave that attribute to the so-called "higher class," who look sareastically down upon them, and whose often innately vulgar natures, are thinly veiled by a gloss of dress and con-

The Judge had stationed a portion of Dodworth' Band in an adjoining room. As he sat, delicious spirit music streamed through the air, and steeped the soul in happy tears. There were no tunes; there were long drawn chords. Each chord was a spirit voice. One could dream himself disembodied, and launched on the dim unknown. Heavenly calls of love salute on the dist unknown. Heavenly calls of love salute the ear; they are all varied, but they are all love. Each call seemed kindled by a sweet smile; each was a loving-welcome. Calls of a fond mother to her err-ing son, voice of a pure sister, unconscious of his gulle; joyous sounds of cherubs; distant, ineffable harmonies; calls of white-robed angel's yearning pity, uncounted calls of all embracing love. Tearful eyes dwelt upwards, welling with memories and and sweet, with ranturous hope, or brimping and and sweet, with ranturous hope, or brimping

and and sweet, with rapturous hope, or brimmin sense of an especial care. All were silent, still, an

deeply wrapt.

The Judge rose and read a short exhortation. Again "death is, in the eye of wisdom, a phenomenon to be investigated, not a bugbear to alarm." More music. He then again rose for the discourse of the evening. ought him as a medium through whom their earthly friends might know of their existence. One young girl, in an English ballroom, with a disease of the heart, had been stricken in a dance on a date she bears, and been stricken in a dance on a date sic stated, and had dwelt unconscious for four months. A sailor drowned at sea, swam in spirit to the ship, was taken on board by his dim messurates, and carried— where? He had just awoke from his stupor. Darling sins are taken with us to the other life, and long op press as with their fearful weight. Old daily habits, and modes of thought, cling likewise with tenacity. One man, who had been a strict Methodist, was con-

ench, who, on reaching the spirit-land was surrounded eproachfully by those whom he had condemned to the utchery of the halter; and of Isaac T. Hopper, who

pells of spirit music, while with recognition glad, and miling words, the happy hearers parted for their

The Sunday Question Where shall we spend the day, love? Motto for the King of Bohemia

Nothing causes an acuter pang in the heart of the thoroughly truthful man, than to discover that that which he had thought to be a Social Diamond, is but a

It is said that young Sala expects to eclipse Dickens

A Change for the Worsey posed, out of respect to His Honor the Mayor, the name of Tammany Hall to Tiemanny

The U-and-I-Tarians. led by the above name : we have since learned from der that its device is to be E-pluribus-you the For

A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand Our political editor has discovered the City Hall

Bramatic Feuilleton.

Le Chauve absolutely ra The Oldest Man likes it.

It is a success. Grand, veritable, extraordinar

will be equal to the cotton-crop in Texas.

There was a terrific rush the first night. The Older There was a terrific rush the first night. The Oldest Man never saw anything like it, except at Tammany Hall, when the Faithful come together for a grand powwow about the principles of the Democracy. The subscriber's struggles to reach his stall were worthy of Hercules. I don't think he could have done it. After a series of pushings, and crowdings, and other unpleasant ings, I was precipitated upon an African brother, who guarded the gates to a small Paradise, with nice chairs to sit upon, pretty women to look at. with nice chairs to sit upon, pretty women to look at, numerous critics looking more or less terribly respons-ible and distressingly Impartial, Cupids over in the corner, fountains and fiddlers in front, beauty, light, flowers, gold, violet, pink, crimson, belles, bankers, heavy swells, artists, and all sorts of nice things all

That was the coup d'œil. A charming theatre, all That was the coup d'œil. A charming theatre, all fresh and new. A packed audience. New York. Very light representation from the provinces, and that Southern, which for art-purposes is decidedly the best. Your Northerner is always calculating what it costs, and your Westerner has no eye for anything but ballet-girls, no taste for anything but Bourbon whiskey. But give our Southern brethren a good thing, that don't tread on their corns, which are numerous and terribly sensitive, and they appreciate it. terribly sensitive, and they appreciate it.

More than that, they pay for it.

More than that, they pay for it.

I make that a special paragraph, because the liberal
way in which the theatre has been fitted, furnished,
and the heavy expense of its personnel, make the question d'argent a very important one. I believe, however, that this will be the New York Theatre, dividing

The artists are especially well selected to comman metropolitan favor. There are no less than four crino linities, who are universally admired. Each has special individuality, and is strong in it. Miss Agne special individuality, and is strong in it. Miss Agnes
Robertson, delicate, graceful, elegant, and undemonstrative, but still effective. Mrs. John Wood is one of
the few actresses that I have ever seen, who know
what fun is. Fun, I mean, in its fallest sense—humor
and wit combined. K. N. Pepper says, "how hard it
is to write good," and many a funny man and woman
produce, in the minds of their audiences, an impression similar to that of the sminest America, root pression similar to that of the eminent American poet. Then there is Sarah Stevens, who is bandsome, has a good style, and a natural way of getting on and off and about the stage, which is exceedingly refreshing. For the afflicted, interesting young woman, Mrs. Allen is precisely the Parmesan, imported to special order, and always to be relied upon.

The men, Jefferson, Pearson, Johnston, Davenport, are all New York favorites, and they deserve the hear-

are all New York favorites, and they deserve the hear-ty greetings they received on the opening night.

As for the play, Mr. Bourcicault's version of "A Cricket on the Hearth," It answered the purpose of displaying the idiosyncracies of the artists, probably, better than any other selection that could have been Still, the story is rather descriptive than dra matic. The events are suggested by the characters rather than the characters by the events. Thus the latter are made of secondary importance, and double duty is thrown upon the artists. Then, again, almost every person in the audience has his ideal of the character represented before he comes to the Theatre, and that ideal no artist, however clever, can entirely con-

vey. Thus Miss Robertson's Dot, through a fine the atrical personation, and perfect in conception, was un-even in execution. In the last act she was charming. Here the character is positive; before it was negative.
A good, brisk, bustling wife, however agreeable she
may be at home, is not a stage-character which affords large artistic opportunity.

Miss Stevens gave some individuality to Bertha, an

Mrs. Allen was terribly heart-broken, as she ought to be. There is an immense amount of affection floating about in the last act, and these young ladies were quite uncomfortably lavish of it.

Distinctly the grand honors of the evening belong to Mrs. Wood and Jefferson. Mrs. Wood's Tilly Slowboy seems to me exactly the thing; that is a matter of

opinion. It carried away the andience; that is a mat ter of fact. Mr. Jefferson was admirable in Caleb Plum mer. His costume, and making-up, as it is called, wer artistic in the highest degree, and his recognitio of his Son, in the last scene, a bit of "business"

But I don't intend to go into particulars about this performance, in which every character was well done. The scenery and every appointment of the stage were worthy of a first-rate French theatre.

The fact is, that everything is so carefully done that one has nothing to complain of. And that makes me

The papers have been very savage upon Miss Laura Keene's friend, Palgrave Simpson, who steals a good deal from the French, but rarely improves what he tuoso in question.

The audience on Saturday night consisted of the queerest admixture of nationalities, such as John Brougham, Stephen Masset, Henry Drayton, etc., with a perfect shoal of old-fashioned, well-bred concert lovers. There were family-parties present, who had changed their disner how for the present present present, who had changed their disner how for the present present present present, who had changed their disner how for the present crats are continually getting into scrapes, and would be utterly ruined if the virtuous actress did not come to help them out. This is precisely what Miss Keene does in The World and the Stage, and it is very encouraging to know, that in the end "the barrier of prejudice is destroyed," and "no other piece will be

That is certainly enough for one night Still, though the piece is absurd and very impro-able, as well as a rechauffee of half a dozen other upon the stage, that it has had a money success. The house has been full every night, and the critics are supposed to be crushed. Perhaps like Truth, a lady or whom some of them have so high a respect tha they never approach her, they will rise again.

Miss Keene's acting in this play would save a much

worse one. The other parts are aketches more or lef filled up, and in one or two cases run over. There was a tremendous rush of our Southern breth en and sisters (aint they nice?) at the Academy of

Monday, when the Operatic campaign was commenced with an encouraging house. What I said about the Poliste and Cortesi, last season, has come to pass. The opera is the best card that the management will have this year, unless the Vépres Siciliennes should have an mprecedented success.

The artists, on Monday, were about as usual. Corte-

oli were both superb in the last act. Amoout of tune. What is it? Maccaroni or luxuriou case, or matrimony, or what?

fair house, and Cortesi gave Norma, Thursday, to a The season is announced to close next Wed

The concerts of La Ségoto, as the late lamented Bochas used to call Madame Anna Bishop, opened brilliantly, but were swamped by the opera. It is generally conceded, by musical people, that Bishop sings with more sympathy and true feeling than she did ten years

in the papers as a man-of-war's-man tosses off his greg, but it won't do here, and Bishop's voice is pronounced a little usee. She is a fine artist, however, and has no equal in-balled singing, an innount diversion which is still agreeable to a very large and respectable class

f the community.

They are having the Fair of the Institute now at the Palace Garden, and have sent me a "Family Ticket," which A. M. construes in the liberal sense adopted by some politicians in relation to the Constitution. She beads parties which include a large portion of the fe sale population of the -th Ward

Wallack.

Mr. Wallack will open his theatre next Monday, and the rehearsals of Brougham's new comedy. (Mrs. Hoey. Miss Gangion, Mr. Lester Wallack, Mr. Brougham, and Mr. Walcot in the cast,) are now going on. Green-room goasip speaks well of the immortal John's latest effort. I saw Mr. Lester Wallack at the Winter Garden, tanned a beautiful brown, and looking decidedly agricultural. Mrs. Hoey likewise appeared on the same occasion, and is not so rustic as a Summer residence in Connecticut might be expected to make her. Altogether I should judge that the Veteran's forces were in the lest fighting condition. Anna Maria yows and declares that fighting condition. Anna Maria vows and declares that there is no place so nice as Wallack's, while Araminta stands out for the Winter Garden. It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands

The Athenian public have been soldiering so much of

The Athenian public have been soldiering so much of late, that Art has languished a little. The Boston Theatre is not to be opened until the opens season commences, which will be, probably, about the 26th of this month. The Howard Atheneum audiences have been regaled with a new translation of Mme. de Girardin's "Lady Tartuffe." The Evening Gaustic, which has a high opinion of its opinion, says that Mrs. Farren's a nign opinion of its opinion, says that Mrs. Farren's Virginie de Blosau was "a consummate piece of acting;" the critic considers it "a master-piece of the Histrionic Art." The phrases are not quite new, but the Gastle was, like Fanny, younger once than it is now. I am charmed to know that Miss Fanny Fitz Farren (why Fitz?) "has it in her power to become, like her mother, one of the first of living actresses." It is to be hoped that the young lady will not keep a (whatever it is) in her power, but let out a little of a. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence have succeeded the Farrens, and next week comes Mrs. Bateman's tragedy.

"Gerakine."

The Boston people, it occurs to me, are distinguished for what is called their American sentiments. I am a great deal like the man in the play, who as one of a number that were called upon to show their "magnanimity," said to his friend: "I havn't any idea what "it is, but if you have any show it." So with the sentiment above alluded to. If you have any Research Receiving timent above alluded to. If you have any, Bostonians show it for the new play which Miss Heron will act for you next week. Quoting the South street mer-chant's opinion of Clark's Knickerbocker, "it is a good

And, by the way, the story invented by the Tribune that there was a serious misunderstanding between ye Heron and ye Bateman (the two most amiable people in the world), is completely put at rest by the fol

To the Educe of The N. Y. Tribune:

Sus:—From a statement in your paper of this morning, I perceive you are in error in regard to the relations which exist between Mr. Bateman and myself, and the terms on which we close our contract with each other at the end of the approaching Boston engagement. Instead of our positions being hostile, or our interests in any way at war, I am happy to state that they are entirely amicable, and in all respects what they should be, after three weeks of such triumph and profit as we have both reaped equally from the tragedy of "Geraldine."

I have only to add, that the claims of the highly successful engagement which has just been chosed; and I am at a loss to know how any one could have conceived the idea that the just reward which she achieved should not have been entirely acceptable to me.

MATILIDA HERON MIOPEL,
No. 234 Sith overse, Sept. 16th, 1869.

The other theatres are running towards the infantile, To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune :

No. 224 Sixth overset, Steph. 18th, 1850.

The other theatres are running towards the infantile, little Mary M'Vicker, "endorsed by John Brougham" (the Oldest Man never endorses anybody), being at the Museum, and Cordelia Howard at the Museum. Let the effugent Gayler keep an eye on Willard. "The Son of the Night" is underlined at the National. M. D'Ennery, who cribbed this play of Gayler's, and put it in French for the Porte St. Martin, Paris, has just been radie an officer of the Lorder of Horses. just been made an officer of the Legion of Honor Gayler ought to be turned into a Colonel of Militia

Oute suite.

Verdi is coming over here to write an opera about
Niagara Falla. There's inspiration in the idea, and the
introduction of Blondin's feet will make a peculiary happy effect, and quite in the composer's style.

C. N.

Louis Napoleon,—may his tribe decrease !— Awoke one night from a deep dream of Peace, And saw, within the gas-light of his room, Making it grim and gloomy like a tomb, A demon writing in a book of brass; Imperial Peace had made L. N. an ass And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The demon-raised its head, And with a look made of all dire accord. Answered, "The names of those that hate the Lord. "And is mine one?" said Louis. "Nay, not so," Replied the Demon. Louis spoke more low But cheerily still, and said: "I pray thee, then, Write me as one who hates his fellow men. The demon wrote and vanished; but the next night Appear again with a great sulphurous light, And showed the names which hate of God had cursed.

In addition to the list of Bores enumerated by Getty rora Borealis, which never makes its appearance until

A belle at a Down-East Husking Frolic, on being asked by a young farmer if he might kiss her, answe Not till you have complied with the rules, and passed

Wanted-an Organ

The Broad Church, having got its Bellows, is now looking out for an Organ.

A correspondent wishes to know if the All Souls Church of this city is so called from its being composed

"Familiarity Breeds Contempt." The Ledger now advertises Mr. Yeadon's "Orator, Patriot, Sage, Cleero of America, Laudator of Wash-ington, Apostle of Charity, High Priest of the Union.

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through half-a-dozen columns. So much for writing for

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ago, but it is nonsense to say that a singer's voice improves with age after she rises thirty. That may answer for London, where the people swallow everything - " Married people," says Dean Swift, "for being

#### Thess Column

The New York Saturday Press.

SEPTEMBER 17th, 1859. Another Letter from the Chess-Editor

Another Letter from the Chess-Editor.

In the Country, September 12th.

The subscriber is still witnessing with profound delight the varied operations of Nature, and dies not hesitate to avow his continued approval of that great mother of the races in all her changeful aspects. His susceptibility to her charms, however, has been rather severely put to the proof, of late, by a series of days coid enough to bave done honor to the boy a series of days coid enough to bave done honor to the most frigid November. But now the air is talmy once more, and fant indications of coming autumnal splendors begin to be visible. Behold your Chess-Editor, O Able Dittó, wandering, with a crook in one hand, and a reedy pipe in the other, over woody hills and dowery dales? Tear him, if you have the heart, from the gentle companionship of the Fawns and the Dryads! Will not the tears of innumerable Naiads, and the mouraful nurmurs of a multitude of mountain-nymph move you?—Will not the entreaties of great Pan prevail upon you to consent to a second omission of that most brilliant leature of your most brilliant sheet—that pillar and prop of your paper—the Chess-column? The Chess-Editor knows that your able and omnipercipient eye takes in all sections of the land, watches with eagle-vision the movements of the rural Press, and restrains with its lightning glances the vagaries of Philadelphia and Lynn. What need, therefore, of his im mediate return to the turmoils of metropolitan life? What need that he should exchange the benign placidity of his present existence for his care-engendering station at the head of the charging columns of chess?

Artesianus, too, must have been worshipping of late at the sharine of that peaceful Varuna, of whom Ovid sings, and whose temples life for from the great cities, for the current to the surmoils of the charging columns of chess?

Artesianus, too, must have been worshipping of late at the skrine of that peaceful Vaiuna, of whom Ovid sings, and whose temples lie far from the great cities, for the current number of the Erening Bulletin is unusually interesting. It contains a charming little monograph on the Roi dipositie, from the pen of the erudite and inimitable G. A. The whole column has a most respectable and unartesian look. In com-mon with all the readers of that peculiar exponent of chess and brotherly love. I rejoice at our this week's good lock. But I fear that it is too good to last; Artesianus, reckless of the immortality which awaits him in the realms of Pluto, still lingers upon this earth, and will, doubtless, soon return tell lingers upon this earth, and will, doubtless, soon return to his post (which it would be improper to style a column). But let us remember Job and the early martyrs, and strive to

But let us remember Job and the early martyrs, and strive to endure him.

That modest flower that wastes its sweetness on the desert air of Lynn—its botanical name, I believe, is the Lynna borable—is still shedding its perfume for the especial benefit of the Saturday Evening Euzette. The odors of the loveliest blossoms will, we are bold, if too frequently and too large, by inhalred, at last produce nauses. Let us not wonder, therefore, if the aforesaid Gazette should find the bouquet too much for it; nor need we be surprised if a strange epidemic should thin the ranks of the admirers of the Lynnau.

Away from my chess-books, my reading for the past fortnight has been of the most desoltory and unprofitable kind. And this reminds me of a project which has been floating for some-time in my much-pondering brain. Why can we not have a 'chess Encyclopedia worthy of the name? It should comprise, in a half-dozen or more goodly-sized volumes, all the results of past researches. All that is known or can be learned of chess-history, chess-biography, chess-analysis, chess-anecdote, chess-practice, and chess-strategy, should be found in its capacious pages. The lives of chess-bioks, and all the chapters of chess-history—all these things and many more, alphabetically arranged, should go to make up this great work, which would be adorned, of course, with a multitude of woodcuts, and provided with copious indexes. Whister this idea gently, Ablest of Editors, into the ears of the second of the stranger of the forces to the second of the control of the course, with a multitude of woodcuts, and provided with copious indexes. up this great work, which would be adorned, of course, with a multitude of woodcuts, and provided with copious indexes. Whisper this idea gently, Albest of Editors, into the ears of your friends. Peachtons the publishers. They are already doing two cyclopedias, and have their hands in. Let them announce at once This ENCYCLOPERIA OF CHESS, edited by T. VON HEYDERIAND UND DER LARA, GROBOK ALLEN, and DYSCAN FORENS, and, my word for it, it will be better done than either of the other two. Remind them (not that they are ever influenced by pecuniary considerations.) that there is not a subject in the broad realm of chess who would fall to embestite to such a magnificent work.

is not a subject in the broad realm of chess who would fail to subscribe to such a magnificent work.

Has the SAULDAY PRESS reached years of discretion without learning to receive, with due caution, the statements of the Tribune? The name of the new Secretary of the New York Chess Chub (not Association) is William H. Morrell (not Monell). The world will kindly remember, that the alsence of Greeley and your chess-aditor necessarily leads to many sins, both of omission and commission, in the chess-departments of the two leading journals of the day.

I shall do the rural for another week and then return. Therefore, let the appropriate committees be named, and all other necessary arrangements made for the reception of your incomparable

PROBLEM NO. 33. By RUDOLPH WILLMERS, of Vienna. BLACK.



The above position is extracted from a late number of th How soon can White bring about a m

JOHN S. DUNNING.

Our duties never prescribed so painful a task as the sad announcement of the death of John S. DUNKING, whose many virtues commended him to a large circle of friends. He was a man of liberal culture, of kindly impulses, of the most generous nature. Although he devoted but little time to the practice of the game, he has been for some years an active member of the New York Chess Club, and his name and influence were always lent with pleasure to forward the progress of any deserving chess-project. We well remember the warm interest which he felt, from the outset, in Mr. Morphy's carver, and the delight with which he took a promnent part in the arrangements for welcoming him home after phy's career, and the delight with which he took a prominent part in the arrangements for welcoming him home after his European victories. Mr. Dunning was a member of the Morphy Committee, and the umpire of Philadelphia in the late telegraphic match with this city. It is peculiarly appropriate that his memory should be honored in this place, for with him originated the idea of a Chem-Column in connection with the Savunday Press. Mr. Dunning died young, but his name will be long remembered in the literary and chees circles of New York.

Where's the Point? The Courses des Bats-Unis, which prides itself on its English invariably translates Farther Point Points-sur-Pires, which is about equal to translating mare's nest

Greenwich A modest little town in England which supplies all the world with longitude and keeps none for itself.

- Balanc defines marriage as égoisse à deux

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tone Him to Death; or, The Jewish and Christian Dispensations Compared and Contrasted with the Fourth Commandment. Pamphlet, pp. 107. New York, W. A. Townsend & Co. 1859.

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Out of the Depths: The Story of a Woman's Life. 12mo, pp. 370. New York: W. A. Townsend & 12mo, pp. Co. 1859.

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ton: Gould & Lincoln. 1809.

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THE MYSTICAL SQUARE

Pringham N. H.

When I first donned my apron and went out to work, I covered to myself that no lator I'd shirk—

He owned to myself that no lator I'd shirk—

My square I'd apply meet the tad and the best;

Of manifold at the finish to scan

Of the acceptance, the sovereign Man—

of the acceptance woman, jour as it might be,

Whom I should on my mission professional see.

Whom I should on my mission professional see:
The first one I met was a millionaire proud.
Who torned up his ness at the low, volgar crowd—
Who torned up his ness at the low, volgar crowd—
Who the torned up his ness at the low, volgar crowd—
Who the torned to the common and hard-working herd;
So made up of money, he chinked as he trod,
A high priest of worship where Manmon was God!
He d fragothen the time when he first came to town
With the guit of a boor and the look of a clown—
One shirt in a bundle, tied on to a stick.
And his broggns of ox-hide half an inch thick,
His hat of ram-breaver, the woolly hide out,
His coat of tan-breadcholt, full seven-ply stout.
I tried on my square and the level—alas:
They revealed to my gas the original ass.
And all of his money and all of his power.
Couldn't hide the long cars of his young grazing hou
I passed along further, and soon after saw

Onme and the control of the control

Next a merchant met, with ships on the sea And a very great credit on 'change had he'; He had but to speak and the mils came to stand, And stocks tumbled down at a wave of his hand. The square told the story-a gruper for gain. He cared for no brother's confusion or pain; To pile up his coffers and add to his wealth 'Was his governing thought in sickness or health—His motto, Gof money-as his pole-star he set it—Homestly:"—yes—but at any rate get it.

Honestly: — yes—but at any rate get it.

Next a philanthropist near by me strayed,

On a mission to save the lost and betrayed;

His heart seemed aglow with sensitive calls

That found their way there through drear prison walls;

Who do tag for the poor like a sentor all day,
And whose step was an index where misery lay.

The square I prit on and straightway descried—

That though rober never without twas not well inside—

That a mid all the nevel there was too much of self,
And love of his kind mixed with love of the pelf.

And love of his kind mixed with love of the pelf.
I saw a great Doctor, as grave as the bird
Whose classical claim to wisdom we've heard,
His head so busied with Hygeian laws
That he didn't know half of the time where he was.
I put on my square—gracious beavens, the fall!
He sunk down at once to nothing at all.
A pair of old saddlebags only remained.
And a few empty bottles that his drugs had contained!
I'll just mention here, to avoid any fusa—
The Doctor I mean doesn't practice with us.

The boctor I mean doesn't practice with us.
A politician, loud for his cause —
(A Republican-benocrat I think he was—
Who had trawled through the land for many a year
To prove that he loved his country so dear.)—
Near proved my path—and I put on the square—
When presed my path—and I put on the square—
When presed the change that was manifest there. I
Therefore trainished and there in his stead '
Was a poor famished figure in blue, white, and red.
I filted the end of the singular pall.
And hope for an office I found under all.

And this I went on my course here and there, Applying to all the mystical square. There were some stood the test, though, good men and that like angel visits they were far-twixt and few. There were parsons and coldrors, schoolmen and drones, There were soldiers and poets and student and crones, And good work were they whom the square would let pa As an ashler hewn, inid the glomerate mass.

On the head of a fop my square I once tried, But there was not a thing in it, so I let it slide But there was not a thing in it, so I let if slide.

The last that I tried was a popular helic.

Whose dimensions were more than the compass could tell;

A red for a guess their diameter through,

And flourced to the waist in manner most new.

Men marked her approach as ashe drifted their way.

As they might a cart load of runaway hay.

My square I applied—excuse me, don't was.

What I found, the result of my delicate tack;

But if you insist—twas a saketion form

From which had escaped all attributes warm.

Rota fiber all this, to myself, then, said J.

Suppose on yourself the measure you try.

So thought, so I acted—when straightway the test
Showed me warped and deformed far worse than the rest. There were crocks of Passion and bunches of Sin,
And the line of plain duty wired out and wired in.
Then I this moral formed, in semi-despair:

We must take all men pretty much as they are!

But I still keep my square, and still try the test,
And live on and love on, and hope for the best.

# TOM BOCKET, THE HIGHWAYMAN.

BY ALBANY PONBLANGUE, JR.

"It happened to my father," said the tall man in the imney corner, "and that's how I came to know all

"It happened to my father," said the tall man in the chimney corner, "and that's how I came to know all about it."

The chimney corner is that of the Rising Sun, a pleasant little roadisile inn, about two miles from Northampton, and the tall man is president of a bow-ling-club that met there once a fortnight, principally to dine. The "it" of "which the speaker's relative was the hero, is the adventure which forms the subject of this narrative.

The reason why we were listening to stories, instead of playing bowls, was simply this. One of the heaviest thunder-storms that I can remember, broke over the Rising Sun that afternoon. All during dinner we could see great ragged copper-colored clouds banking up against the wind, and the cloth was hardly off the table, when spit! spat! spat! against the diamond-shaped window-panes came a few heavy hall-stones, then came the lightning, then came the thunder, and then came the rain, as though it had not rained for ten years, and was determined to make up for lost time. So there was nothing for it but to sit still and amuse ourselves, as best we could, indoors; and the conversation having turned upon travelling, and the dangers of the road before railways were invented, Mr. Josh Sandiger, our president, sitting and smoking his pipe in the chimney corner, volunteered to tell us a tale of those times, and, said he, "It happened to my father; and the avirtue of necessity, and quietly gave up his purse.

I do not think you would like me to give you the story just as Mr. Josh gave it us; you might get vexed story just as Mr. Josh gave it us; you might get vexed and my procketbook," said Tom, not heeding him.

and that's how I came to know all about it."

I do not think you would like me to give you the story just as Mr. Josh gave it us; you might get vexed with his pipe. He always smokes a very long clay pipe, which seems to require a great deal of management to get it to draw properly. He never says more than about six words at a time; then he has a pull at his pipe, and goes on again, giving you a whiff of words, and then a whiff of smoke, whilst you are turn—

"Here it is," said my father, "you know so much ing them over in your mind and wondering what is about it coming next. About every tenth whiff, he takes his pipe out of his mouth and looks gravely into the bowl; "I'll pipe out of his mouth and looks gravely into the bowl;
then he takes the tobacce-stopper, presses down the
sakes carefully, and shakes them out on the hob; then
he looks into it again, and, if it is all right, he dips the
shank end into his brandy and water, looks into the
shank end into his brandy and water, looks into the
bowl a third time, and gives it a rub with his cuff.

Next, he opens his mouth wide, puts the esalingwax
end in, closes his lips upon it slowly, and then goes on
again with his story, six words at a time as before. He
is reckoned a very emphatic speaker in these parts, is
is reckoned a very emphatic speaker in these parts, is again with his story, six words at a time as before. He is reckoned a very emphatic speaker in these parts, our president. And so, of course, he is; but I must confess, out of his hearing, that all this fidgeting, these pauses, and puffings, and stoppings, and rubbings, and lookings at nothing at all, in the middle of a story, irritate me sometimes to that degree that I feel inclined to run at him, knock his pipe out of his mouth, and shrist at him to get on faster—that I do!

It would be as well, perhaps, then, if I were to quote his own words as nearly as I can recollect them straight on, and put his pipe out.

My father (continued Mr. Jouh) used often to say

"Oh! they are worth something, then," said Tom, with a grin.
"It would take a deal of trouble to make them out again," my father replied sulkily,—"that's all."

"How much trouble?" Tom inquired with a meaning look.

"Well," my father answered, "I suppose I know what you are driving at. Hand me them back and let me go, and I promise to send you a hundred you know very well that these papers are worth more than a hundred," said Tom.

"A hundred and fifty, then," said my father.

on, and put his pipe out.

My father (continued Mr. Josh) used often to say spon the highway, and one fine November evening he

You young fellows who are accustomed to be whisted away a hundred miles between your breakfast and your dinner by an expressival, and grumble vastly if you are ten minutes behind time, don't know much about what travelling was in 1705—cross country travelling 'specially. Folks did not leave their homes then if they could help it. It's all very fine to talk about the beauties of the country, and the delights of a change of scene, but when there are more highwaymen than scorengers or police about, the roads are not so very charming. I can tell you. Why, it was a week's journey from here to London and back, in those days! and if you got home with whole bones and a full purse, you were not in a hurry to tempt! Providence and Tom Rocket a second time.

Tom Bocket was a highwayman. No one ever christened him Tom, and his father's name was not Rocket. When he was tried for his life at Warwick Assisses, be was arraigned as Charles Jackson, and they were invaluable to him.

In the same was not have been and they were invaluable to him.

In the same was not highwayman. No one ever christened him Tom, and his father's name was not Rocket. When he was tried for his life at Warwick and they were particular about names there. If you indicted a were invaluable to him.

man as Jim, and his true name was Joe, he got off; and when the law was altered—so that they could set such errors right at the trial—people, lasstwise law-yers, said that the British Constitution was being pull-ed up, root and branch. But that's neither here nor there.

there.

I cannot tell you how it was that he came to be known as Tom Bocket, and if I could, it would not have anything to do with my story. For six years he was the most famous thief in the Midland counties, and for six years no one knew what he was like. He was a laxy fellow, was Tom; he never came out except when there was a good prise to be picked up, and he had his scouts and his spies all over the place to give him information about booty, and warn him of danger. But to judge by what peopple said, he was "on the road" at half a-dozen different places at once every day of his life; for you see when any one was robbed of his property, or found it convenient so to account for it, his property, or found it convenient so to account for it, why he laid it upon Tom Rocket as a sort of excuse for giving it up easily, because, you see, no one thought of resisting Tom. So it was, that all sorts of conflicting descriptions of his person got abroad. One said that he was an awfully tall man and had a voice like that he was an awfully tall man and had a voice like thunder; another that he was a mild little man, with black eyes and light hair. He was a fiery fat man, with blue eyes and black hair with some; he had a jolly red face—he was as pale as death—his nose was Roman one day, Grecian or a snub the next. His dress was all the colors of the rainbow, and as for his horse!—that was of every shade and breed that was ever heard of, and of a good many more beside, that have yet to be found out. He wore a black half-mask, but somehow or other it was always obliging enough to slip off, so as to give each of his victims a full view of his face, only no two of them could eyer agree as to

My father was a Gloucestershire man. He stood six feet three in his stockings, and measured thirty-six in-ches across the chest. He could double up a half-crown between his finger and thumb, and was as brave as a between his inger and thumb, and was as brave as a lion. So, may a time and oft, when any one talked of the dangers of the road, he would set his great teeth togeth-er, shake his head, and say that he should like to see the man that could rob him on the highway; and as I said before, he did see him, and it was Tom Rocket.

before, he did see him, and it was Tom Rocket.

My father was a lawyer, and was at the time I have mentioned, engaged in a great tithe cause that was to be tried at Warwick Spring Assises. So, shortly before Christmas, he had to go over to look up the evidence. There was no cross-country coach, so he rode; and being, as I have said, a brave man, he rode alone. He transacted his husbers, and my root mother being. and being, as I have said, a brave man, he rode alone. He transacted his business; and my poor mother being ill, and not liking to leave her alone longer than he could help, he set out to ride home again about half-past nine o'clock that same evening. It was as beautiful a Winter's night as ever you were out in. His nag was a first-rate hunter, as docile as a dog, and fit to carry-even his weight over, or past, anything. He had a brace of excellent pistols in his holsters; and he jogged along, humming a merry tune, neither thinking nor caring for any robber ufider the sun. All of a sudden, it struck him that the pretty barmaid of an inn just out of Warwick town, where he had stopped to have a girth that he had broken patched together, had been very busy with those self-same pistols; and suspecting that she might have been tampering with them, he drew the charges and reloaded them carefully. This done, he jogged on again as before.

He had ridden about ten miles, when he came to He had ridden about ten miles, when he came to a wooden bridge that there was in those days over the Avon. Just beyond it rose a stiffish hill, at the top of which was a sudden bend in the road. Just as my father reached this turn, a masked horseman suddenly wheeled round upon him, and bade him "Sund and delier I". It was Tom Rocket! In a second my father's pistols were out, cocked, and snapped within a yard of the highwayman's chest; but, one after the other, they missed fire! The pretty barmaid—a special favorite of Tom's—was too sharp to rely upon the old dodge of drawing the balls, or damping the charge: she thrust a pin into each teuchhole, and then broke it short off.
"Any more!" Tom inquired, as coolly as you please.

only three-and-sixpence in it."
"Now for your pocketbook," said Tom, not heed-

"I'll see." Tom replied, quietly taking out and ur

"A hundred and fifty, then," said my father.

"Go on," said Tom.

"I tell you what it is, you accoundred," cried my father, I'll stake five hundred against them if you'l lose your hold, and fight me fairly for it."

Tom only chuckled.

"Why what a ninny you must take me for," had the way whould I bother myself farhting for what a ninny you must take me for," had the whould I bother myself farhting for what a ninny you must take me for," had the whould I bother myself farhting for what a ninny you must take me for," had the whould I bother myself farhting for what whould I bother myself farhting for what had the control of the co

mind," he added, as my father spring to the text, "we platols don't miss fire."

"I shall live to see you hanged," my father mottered, adjusting his discretized done.

"Shall I help you to catch your hone?" Tom sake the politely.

"The never rest till I lodge you in a jull," said my father, savagely.

"Give my compliments to your wife," said my father, savagely.

"Give my compliments to your wife," said my father, savagely.

"Good night," said Tom, with a wave of his hand, and turning sharp round, he jumped his here over the fence and was out of sight in a moment.

It was not quite fair of my father, I must own (Mr. Josh continued, after a pause), but he delawated to set a trap for Tom Rocket, haited with the five hundred guineas, at the bridge. He posted up to London, saw Bradshaw, a famous Bow street runner, and arranged the basiness words:

By destroying these writings I could have ruined your client, whom I respect. For his sake I keep my word, though you have played me false.

"And what became of Tom?" asked one of the company, "Well," replied Mr. Josh, "after baving been it done took his place.

It was settled that the runners should come by difficer, took his place.

It was settled that the runners should come by difficer, took his place.

and so another runner, Fraser, a no less calebrated officer, took his place.

It was settled that the runners should come by different roads, and all meet at a way-side inn about five miles from the bridge, at eight o'clock p. m. on the day my father's pocketbook was to be returned. An hour afterwards they were to join him on the road, three miles further on. Their object, you see, in taking this roundshout course was to baffe Tom's spice and accomplices, and to get securely hid about the spointed spot long before the appointed time.

My father was a little late at the place of masting:

"Well," replied Mr. Josh, "after having been tried three times, and getting off upon some law quibble on each occasion, he—who had robbed the worth of thousands of pounds, and secaped—was executed at Nottingham for stealing an old bridle! And now I've does, gentlemen, all. I looks to—wards us." So our worthy president "looked to—wards us." and finished his brandy-and-water at a gulp. Then, finding that the rain had given over, we thanked him for his story, and all adjourned to the bowling-green.

Once of West.

pointed spot long before the appointed time.

My father was a little late at the place of meeting; but when he arrived there he could use no one about, except a loutish-looking countryman in a smockfrock, who was swinging on a gate hard by.

"Good noight, maister," said the yokel.

"Good night to you," replied my father.

"Can ye tell me who this yer letter's for," said the yokel, producing a folded paper.

My father saw in a moment that it was his own letter to Bradshaw.

My father saw in a moment that it was his own let-ter to Bradshaw.

"Where did you get that?" he said quickly.

"Ah?" replied the yokel, replacing it is his pocket,

"that ud be tellins. Be yer expecting anybody?"

"What's that to you?" said my father.

"Oh, nough," said the yokel, "only a gentleman
from London—"

"Ha!" cried my father; "what gentleman?"
"Will a name beginning with F, suit you?" asked

the yokel. "Fraser?" The word fell involuntarily from my

"Fraser?" The word fell involuntarily from my father's lips.
"That's the name," replied the yokal, jumping down from his seat, and changing his tone and manner in a moment. "I'm Fraser, sir, and you're Mr. Sandiger, as has been robbed of a pockethook containing waluable papers; and we're going to catch Tom Bocket as has got it—that's our game, sir. All right,

Sandiger, as has been robbed of a pocksthook containing waluable papers; and we're going to catch Tom Rocket as has got it—that's our game, sir. "they will read the search of the dispation of the search of the se

Mr. Fraser was very particular to practise his allies in springing quickly from their place of concenhent, and in impressing upon them and my father the necessity of all acting together, keeping careful watch, and strict silence. "And now, sir," he said to my father the recessity of the concenhence with the said to my father the necessity of all acting together, keeping careful watch, and strict silence. "And now, sir," he said to my father than the said relenties in the said relenties. "As for this fellow Hobbs," he musingly continued ther, as a distant clock chimed a quarter to twelve, in a low tone, "find a blank if you can, some way tone, "it's time to get to our places and to tait the trap, so please to hand me the beg that I may mark it, and some of the coins, so as to be able to identify them at some of the coins, so as to be able to identify them at akirts of innumerable Lucretias soon mopped dry the

My father gave him the bag, and him write upon it, and make some acratches on about a down of the guineau, and then my father let himself down into the boat, in which he was immediately joined by the run-

"It's all right," said Fracer, in a low tens.
"Do you think he will come?" whispered my

"Certain," replied Fracer, " but, hush!

"I'm Tom Rocket," replied the latter, securing the pockethook upon his person, "and what I mean, I such as you may grow; so he gave the door a big kick. In it flew: and a sight met his view that fairly took away his breath. Tied into five chairs, hand and foot, trusted up like so may Christman tarkets, with

BY PLORENCE PERCY.

Friend, whose smile has come to be Very precious unto me—
Though I know I drank not first Of your love's bright fountain-burst, Yes I grieve not for the past, So you only love me last

Other scale may find their joy In the blind love of a boy— Give me that which years have tried, Disciplined and partited,— Such as, braving storm and blast, You will bring to me at last! There are brows more fair than mine-Eyes of more bewitching shine— Other hearts more fit, in truth, For the passion of your youth— But, their transient empire past, You will sarely love me last!

Wing away your Summer-time— Pind a love in every clime— Roam in liberty and light— I shall never stay your flight Fur I know, when all is past, You will come to me at last?

Change and flutier, as you will, I shall smile securely still; Patiently I trust and wait. Though you tarry long and late; Prise your Spring till it be past, Only, only love me last! -Phila. Sat. Evening Post.

On a sunny Summer morning, Early, as the dew was dry. Up the hill west a berying; Need I tall you.-tall you why? Farmer Davis had a danghler, And it happened that I knew, On each sunny morning, Jenny, Up the hill went berrying too.

onely work in picking berries, its I joined her on the hill; Junny, dear," and I, "your ban Quits too large for one to fill " to we staid we two—to fill it,

"This is sp-bill work," said Jonny:
"Be to Ith." said I. "shall we
(Thinh it up alone, or Jenny,
Will you come and climb with me?"
Bedder than the bleshing berries
Jenny's cheeks a moment grew,
While, without delay, she answered,
"I will come and climb with you."

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